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POEMS.

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BY

WILLIAM ROWLAND WAKE.

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1800.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

ADVERTISEMENT.

IF any Emoluments ſhould reſult from this Publication, they will be devoted to an Inſtitution for the Education of poor Catholics, and inveſted in the Hands of the Committee appointed for that Purpoſe, particulars of which may be had at the Publiſhers.

Enlightened Minds, far from cenſuring, will approve the Reſtriction of the Author's Charity to the Poor of the Catholic Religion. The

numerous

numerous and truly noble Inſtitutions for the Education of Proteſtant Youth, which do Honor to the Metropolis, muſt convince every one of the Utility of ſuch foundations. That the Catholics are a loyal Claſs of the Community none can deny, and inveterate muſt be the Heart that would deprive their Poor of that moſt valuable Bleſſing, Education.

ADDRESS TO THE READER.

WERE the author to aſſert, that by preſuming to publiſh theſe Effuſions of his juvenile Muſe, he did not aſpire to ſome ſhare of public Favor, his Aſſertions would not gain Credit. The deſire of Fame animates every Breaſt in a greater or leſs Degree, and when exerted in a proper Cauſe, is a laudable Ambition. The Author is not ſo buoyed up with flattering Hopes of Succeſs, as to expect a Wreath of Bays :—he reſigns that to ſuperior Merit, and will be content if the Muſe puts a Sprig in his

Button-hole. A chief Reaſon for publiſhing his Poems is only known and conſequently only intereſting to the Circle of his own Friends. This Reaſon with them will juſtify his Preſumption in expoſing his Works before they were matured by riper Judgment, and with the moſt reſpectful Diffidence, he truſts them to a generous Public. Many of them have been compoſed ſome time, and the Author is yet very young. Perhaps it may be ſuggeſted by the candid Voice of Criticiſm, that he ſhould have obſerved the Horatian Precept "*Nonum prematur in Annum.*" Far from rejecting Advice he will receive it with Acknowledgments, and he has too high an Opinion of thoſe who regulate the Critical Department to apprehend harſh Severity. Though his Muſe may not enrich Poetry, ſhe will not impoveriſh Morality, and that Conſideration will entitle her to Lenity.

The

The very charitable Inſtitution to which any Emoluments that may reſult from his Publication are devoted, will, with the Benevolent, be another Claim to Protection. Some perhaps may accuſe the Author of Oſtentation in this public Diſplay of his Charity, and ſome may arraign his Prudence in laviſhing his Profits. To the former he candidly avows, that Self-intereſt was certainly blended with a ſincere Deſire of benefiting ſo deſerving an Inſtitution; for Benevolence unnerves Satire, and ſecures Favor.

To thoſe who arraign his Prudence, the Author acknowledges he had not ſufficient Confidence in his own Abilities to flatter himſelf that Poems publiſhed on his own Account, would produce great Emoluments. Many will pay an advanced Price for a Work when Charity is the Object, who otherwiſe would not purchaſe

it. And here the Author begs leave to obſerve, that for the Benefit of the Inſtitution, his Book is charged higher than elſe it would have been.

The Author will now conclude by craving Pardon for having detained the Reader, and by aſſerting that if the Brow of Sorrow is ſuffuſed with a Smile by the Peruſal of his jocoſe Strains, or if Affliction forgets its own Misfortunes in his Elegiac Effuſions,—as a Friend to the Muſes he ſhall be flattered—as a Friend to Humanity he ſhall be gratified.

London, 20*th March*, 1800.

THE

STORM.

RED-FLAMING Bolts dart thro' the troubled Air
In all the Terrors of vindictive Ire :—
The Clouds, illumin'd by the tranſient Glare
Now frown in Midnight Gloom—now glow in Fire.

Dread Peals of Thunder thro' the Sky rebound
And blaſt the ſolemn Stillneſs of the Night :—
Oh! too tremendous Majeſty of Sound!—
Oh! too magnificent Diſplay of Light!—

The jarring Elements convulſive craſh,
And loudly the Almighty's Power proclaim!
Whoſe Hands direct the broad ſulphureous Flaſh,
And wing the Lightning to its deſtined Aim!

Since then that ſame kind Providence, who guides
Creation's Syſtem thro' its ſtated Courſe,
Still o'er the Horrors of the Storm preſides
And adds new Strength or mitigates its Force:

Why Virtue ſhudder at the Tempeſt's rage?
Why conſcious Innocence avoid the Storm?
Since Heav'n, who ſends it, can its Force aſſuage,
Why not with Heav'n's omniſcient Will conform?

The virtuous Man who ſtedfaſt to his Truſt
Is to Religion, Honor, Juſtice true,
Tho' all Creation mouldered into Duſt,
Undaunted would the mighty being view.

And why, ye guilty, from the Danger ſhrink,
Who erſt defied the Vengeance of your Lord?
Ah! ſay why does your boaſted Courage ſink
When Heav'n vindictive points th' avenging Sword?

What! can the livid Flames bring Crimes to light
Which blunted Virtue could no longer feel?
What! does that Traitor Conſcience ſtill affright,
And all your complicated Guilt reveal?—

Ye too, raſh Atheiſts, who a God deny,
Who claim Exiſtence from primeval Chance,
Behold the fiery Bolts that cleave the Sky!—
Ah! hear how thunder rends the grim Expanſe!

And then aſſert, baſe Traitors, if ye dare,
That no ſuperior Pow'r directs the Storm;—
That Earth and Sea and circumambient Air,
By jumbling Atoms leapt into this Form!

Hail

Hail then ye Tempeſts, gifted with the Power
To ſtrengthen conſcious Virtue, Vice reclaim,
Still may your Horrors wake the midnight Hour,
Still gild the Heav'ns with terror-darting Flame.

THE

NEGRO's ADDRESS TO THE LARK,

A SONNET.

ILL-FATED Warbler of wild ſylvan Song,
Thy flutt'ring Pinions beat the grated Cage,
To ſoar ſublime, the feather'd Choir among,
Thy captive Boſom pants with Pigmy rage.
I too from cheriſh'd Africa was torn,
From native Freedom and Zayda's Love:—
Ah! now her faithful Negro doom'd to mourn,
She unprotected wanders through the Grove!—

Tho'

Tho' thou waſt raviſh'd from thy choſen Mate,
When genial Nature fann'd the am'rous Fire,
Yet,—(ſuch inſtinctive Paſſions tranſient Date,)
Thy Raptures with the dying Spring expire :—
While ſad Reflection ſtill refines my Pains,
And grim Deſpair broods o'er Alcanzor's Chains!

ON JEALOUSY,

AN EPIGRAM.

OH! Jealouſy, thou Curſe of married Life,
Inceſſant Fount whence flows domeſtic Strife;
Creating Evils merely to detect
By baſe Suſpicion, or by cold Neglect;
Detecting Evils, which diſcloſed deſtroy
Each Ray of Pleaſure, and each Source of Joy:
How oft thou plant'ſt the nuptial Couch with Thorns,
The Heart with Rancour—and the Head with Horns!

THE

THE
EMIGRANT.

NOS PATRIÆ FINES ET DULCIA LINQUIMUS ARVA
NOS PATRIAM FUGIMUS.——

" ILL-FATED Gallia, while thy diſtant Strand
" Yet faintly gilds the blue Horizon's Verge ;—
" While yet, dear Objects of my native Land,
" Yon turrets glitter on the daſhing Surge ;—
" An aged Prey to fell Oppreſſion's Power
" In Fancy wanders to his cheriſh'd Home ;—
" Views with ſad Tranſport each neglected Bower
" Where late contemplative he wont to roam :—
" Ah!

" Ah! where at early Dawn his Footſteps trod
" The Path, that guided to Religion's Fane,
" To pay juſt Tribute at the Shrine of God
" And breathe Devotion's animated Strain;
" Ah! where the Flock, entruſted to his Care,
" Their faithful Paſtor from his Home have driven;
" Whoſe ſole Ambition was with them to ſhare
" The Toils of Life—the proffer'd Joys of Heaven.
" Eternal Father!—if thy Hand has ſcourg'd
" Thy ſuff'ring Suppliant for ſome Guilt unknown,
" Oh! hear his Prayer by zealous Ardor urg'd,
" Nor let the Flock their Paſtor's Crimes atone:
" Forgive them, Heaven!—nor from Religion's Path
" May they be led by thine and Virtue's Foes!—
" Forgive them, Heaven!—unnerve thy Arm of Wrath,
" And ſave my Country from impending Woes!"—

Thus

Thus as the Veſſel glided o'er the Main,
A Vet'ran ſigh'd his Anguiſh to the Seas,
Late the good Paſtor of a Village Train,
A Stranger now to Happineſs and Eaſe:
Deſtructive Time had furrow'd his wan Cheek,
And form'd deep Channels for the frequent Tear;
His feeble Frame, faint Nature's waſted Wreck
Beſpoke his wiſh'd-for Diſſolution near:
His Eyes now caſt upon the fading Coaſt,
Now fix'd on Heaven with unremitting Hope,
With Energy, that Age can ſeldom boaſt,
Beam'd thro' the Cryſtal of each tranſient Drop;—
Beam'd on Futurity;—for ſcarce the Breath
That "*ſav'd his Country*" had eſcaped his Lips,
When calmly ſetting in the Shades of Death,
Their Luſtre ſunk in a ſerene Eclipſe!

AN EPIGRAM.

QUOTH Shakeſides to Bladebone, " You ſlender-
legg'd Ape,
" If the Frenchmen ſhould conquer this Realm,
" Your Legs into Drumſticks they quickly would ſhape
" And ſave a tough Piece of good Elm !"
To which Bladebone replied, with ſatyrical Wit,
" Why then I ſhould bleſs my kind Star,
" For inſtead of being beaten, in troth I ſhould beat,
" And rouſe up the Soldiers to War!"

ON THE PERUSAL OF THE ABOVE, A FRIEND IMPROMPTU PENCILLED UNDER IT

" BUT if Parchment ſhould fail, why Shakeſides alas!
" Your tough Hide into Action would come;
" For in lack of Sheep-ſkins, the Skin of an Aſs
" Might be ſtretch'd o'er the Head of a Drum !—"

STANZAS

STANZAS

ON

A SNOW-DROP.

A SNOW-DROP my Stella careſt,
That bloom'd on a deſolate Heath;
It faded alas! on her Breaſt,
Tho' fann'd by her delicate Breath:

I too like this Flowret am caſt
On a Deſart o'erclouded by Care;
Tho' it braves the rough Winter's blaſt,
I ſhrink under Storms of Deſpair:

Nature's Charms, beauteous Stella, will fade,
Where love would unceaſingly thrive,
The Snow-drop might bloom on the Glade,
And I —— on your Boſom revive!

THE

THE
MISLETOE;
OR,
KISSING TREE.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

☞ *This Song has been ſet to Muſic.*

SACRED Miſletoe, diſplay
From each Oak thy verdant Boughs,
Poets tune to thee their Lay,
Lovers breathe to thee their Vows;—

Erſt the Druids own'd thy Power
In Religion's myſtic Rites;
Love now plants thee in her Bower
Sanction to her gay Delights:—

Cupid from thy Wood divine
Forms his Arrows,—forms his Dart;—
May the ſame that pierces mine,
Likewiſe wound my Stella's Heart!

As thy Branches with the Tree,
May our Hearts united prove,
May thy conſtant Verdure be
Emblematic of our Love!

A SON-

A SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

ALAS! ye ſad Concomitants of Woe!
In vain I ſtrive to ſhun my wretched State:
Doom'd from my Birth to feel Misfortune's Blow,
I yield ſubmiſſive to the Laws of Fate.
With trembling Rage I curſe my forlorn Doom,
Nor can I fly deceitful Flatt'ry's Lure;
Affliction hovers in the dreadful Gloom,
And adds freſh Grief to what I now endure.

How vain is Science when Misfortune lowers!
It gives more Poignance to the Darts of Grief:
Acuter Pain with gnawing Rage devours
The feeling Breaſt, a Stranger to Relief:—
Rouſe then my Heart, treat Sorrow with Diſdain,
Extract thy Comforts from Affliction's Bane!

EPITAPH.

EPITAPH.

INTENDED FOR A LADY, 1797.

THE lifeleſs Earth o'er this once blooming Duſt,
O'er its flown Shade the feeling Boſom—heaves:
Ah! tho' enthron'd amidſt the choſen Juſt,
Still for her Abſence ſad Remembrance grieves.

Such were her Charms, as would Eſteem endear
When Beauty's faded Bloom no more beguiles;—
She ſooth'd Affliction with a feeling Tear,
And cheriſh'd Friendſhip with unſullied Smiles.

Laura!—what Joys with Life were interwove!—
Thy Friends ſo many,—and ſo few thy Foes!—
But ah! what Pangs with Death!—to chaſteſt Love
An early Victim in maternal Throes!—

On thoſe dear Objects of thy warm Eſteem,
Who yet are toſs'd on Life's tempeſtuous Sea,
Still may thy mild, etherial Influence beam,
And guide their parting Souls to Heav'n—and Thee!

THE UNFORTUNATE MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, IMMEDIATELY PREVIOUS TO HER EXECUTION, REPEATED THE FOLLOWING EXTEMPORE PRAYER.

O! Domine Deus! ſperavi in te!
O care mi Jeſu! nunc libera me!
In durâ Catenâ, in miſeré Pœnâ,
Deſidero te!—

Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro ut liberes me.—

PARAPHRASE.

All-bounteous God!—to thee a dying Queen
Pours forth her melancholy Load of Grief;—
From thee, ſweet Saviour, in this awful Scene,
Afflicted Innocence implores Relief.

Tho' my frail Limbs gall'd by deſpotic Chains,
Yield to their keen, their agonizing Load;
My Soul immortal, mortal Force diſdains,
And pants with eager Hope to meet her God.

Let Pangs convulſive,—let repeated Sighs,—
Let proſtrate Majeſty thy Mercy move;—
Oh! waft my Spirit to her native Skies;
Oh! bear me,—bear me to thy Realms above!

LOVE.

LOVE.

A TRANSLATION IN THE ANACREONTIC STYLE.

WHO'S that Boy with Wings of Dove?
'Tis, it is the God of Love,—
Say who is his happy Sire?
'Tis the Eyes enlivening Fire.
In what Seaſon was his Birth?
When gay Spring revives the Earth.
Where's his Palace?—Where's his Home?
In the Boſom's ſpacious Dome.

To

To what Nurſe is he conſign'd?
To gay Youth of open Mind.
Say, what Sweets his Board equip?
Beauty's Cheek, and Pleaſure's Lip.
Who compoſe his lively Court?
Wealthy Eaſe and wanton Sport.
Why is Warfare his Delight?
Hope and Fear urge him to fight.
Fears he Death's deſtructive Sway?
No, that ne'er creates Diſmay.
In the Circle of an Hour
Oft this little ſprightly Power
(Such his copious Store of Lives,)
Ten times dies—as oft revives.

THE FOREGOING IS TRANSLATED FROM THE SUBSEQUENT LINES OF

"BUCHANAN."

QUIS Puer ales? — Amor. Genitor quis!—
Blandus Ocelli
Ardor. Quo natus tempore?—Vere novo.
Quis locus excepit?—Generoſi Pectoris Aula.
Quæ Nutrix?—Primo flore Juventa decens.
Quo nutrit victu? Illecebris vultuque venuſto.
Qui Comites? Levitas, Otia Luxus, Opes,
Cur Puero Belli ſemper furioſa Cupido?—
Impellunt avidæ ſpes, trepidique Metus.
Non metuit Mortem? Non. Quare? Sæpe renaſci.
Sæpe mori decies hunc brevis Hora videt.

A SON-

A SONNET.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LUPERCIS LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA,

Given in Twiſs's Travels, page 399.

AMID untimely Rains the genial Sun
With riſing Luſtre gilds the Mountain's Brow,
Reſolv'd th' Effects of idle Hours to ſhun,
The careful Hind purſues his daily Plough;
He to the Yoke the ſturdy Ox applies
By fam'd Europa held ſo juſtly dear;
Rear'd by his Aid his ruſtic Offspring riſe,
Raiſed by his Toil rich Harveſts crown the Year.

The

The crackling Faggot, and the homely Meal,
For his return his honeſt Spouſe prepares;
And cluſt'ring Babes enhance the Parent's Zeal,
Till toil-earn'd Sleep diſperſes all his Cares:
Since ſuch the peaceful Ruſtic's cheriſh'd Fate,
Who would court Splendor, or aſpire to State?

EPITAPH.

EPITAPH.

WRITTEN ON THE AUTHOR'S LATE WORTHY AND MUCH-LAMENTED PRECEPTOR, THE

REV. THOMAS RADLEY,

OF WORKSOP, NOTTS.

WHILE yet one Mortal ſhall ſurvey this Shrine,
Who now an Infant liſps the Good Man's Fame;
How uſeleſs is the monumental Line
Here, RADLEY, to record thy honor'd Name!—

The Joys of Life how futile and how vain!
How few its Pleaſures, and—how quickly flown!
Oft has thy Voice repeated in this Fane,
And now thy Duſt proclaims it from this Stone.

Can

Can Ties domeſtic wean the Soul from Heaven?
Thoſe Ties were thine,—and valued as they ought,
Or can applauſe,—to thee ſo juſtly given,—
Here groveling centre Man's immortal Thought?

Ah no! with dauntleſs Zeal the Chriſtian ſoars
To future Worlds,—nor chains his Hopes on this;
Wings his enraptured Flight to happier Shores,
Where Virtue triumphs in eternal Bliſs!—

OBIIT ANNO, 1799.

THE

FIRST CHORUS OF JEPHTHA.

TRANSLATED FROM BUCHANAN'S DRAMA UNDER THAT NAME.

N. B. The Author at firſt propoſed Tranſlating the whole Piece, but he has relinquiſhed that Deſign; from the Tranſlations already made, he has ſelected the ſubſequent Chorus, ſuppoſed to be ſung by a Choir of Iſraelite Women, buoyed up with Hopes of Jephtha's having gained a Victory over Ammon.

SWEET Jordan fringed with nodding Reeds,
Whoſe ſoftly-gliding Current ſteals
Amid Judæa's fertile Meads,
And gently murmurs thro' her Vales!—

Ye

Ye Groves of Sion, where the Palm
Ne'er ſheds the Verdure of its Creſt,
When will Aurora riſe to calm
The Troubles of each ruffled Breaſt?
When will bright Freedom's genial Blaze
Thro' the thick Miſts of Bondage burſt?
When will our Countrymen eraſe
The ſcornful Name of Slaves accurſt?
Our Youth unworthy of its Sire
A foreign Yoke with Patience bears;
That Race, whoſe Arms erſt ſtemm'd the Ire
Of Pharaoh's Scythe—encircled Cars;
That Race, for whom old Ocean cleft
The Surface of his wat'ry Plain;
And for them a dry Paſſage left
Thro' the rough Boſom of the Main:
That Race, who o'er the thirſty Sands
Of drear Arabian Deſerts ſtray'd,

And faced innum'rous hoſtile Bands
As Cyclops large,—as Monſters dread,—
Now bends beneath the iron Sway
Of Ammon timid-hearted Foe.
And wails its Fate become a Prey
To galling Bondage and keen Woe.
Great is the Scourge,—but greater ſtill
The Shame, ſupinely thus to groan
Submiſſive to a Tyrant's Will,
A Tyrant too, who's not our own!—
O! Lord! at whoſe all-potent Nod
The hoarſe reſounding Tempeſts ſleep;
And Winds, obſequious to their God,
Swell the rough Boſom of the Deep:
Whoſe Pow'r can raiſe inteſtine Wars
To ſhake the Earth from Pole to Pole!
And check the Movement of the Stars
While thro' their deſtin'd Courſe they roll!

Compaſſionate

Compaſſionate a ſuff'ring Realm
And curb thy Ire, tho' juſtly rous'd:
Too long has Havock ſteer'd the Helm,
And Carnage in our Blood carous'd!
Ah! if our Crimes provoke thy Wrath,
If yet thy Juſtice deems this Race,
Who have deſerted Virtue's Path,
Unworthy of thy healing Grace:
If yet thy Sons, ſo juſtly ſcourged,
Beneath a Father's Frowns muſt groan;
If yet our Sighs, by ſuff'ring's urged,
Gain no Admittance to thy Throne:
Let not the Syrian's Heathen Sword,
Nor Ammon's fierce deſtroying Hand;
Let not the proud Egyptian Lord
Inflict thy Vengeance on this Land.
No!—rather from the warring Sky
Vindictive hurl thy fiery Bolts,

And with thy flaming Darts deſtroy
Our Cities harden'd in Revolts:
Rather let Earth's wide yawning Womb
Swallow the Wretches it provides;
Or let the Ocean, wat'ry Tomb,
O'erwhelm us in its ſtorm-beat Tides!
But ſuffer not our Foes to boaſt,
Fluſh'd with Succeſs, of glorious Fights,
Nor let an impious, heathen Hoſt,
Pollute our Fanes and ſacred Rites.
Shall Ammon's Pride uſurp thy Praiſe,
His mould'ring Gods while he adores
Amid the cloud-aſpiring Blaze
Of fat Arabia's fragrant Stores?
Shall he for Vict'ries Triumphs claim
Permitted by an angry God?
Shall he defy thy hallow'd Name
To reſcue Iſrael from his Nod?

Learn,

Learn, Wretch! each proud diſdainful Sneer
  Shall be the Subject of a Sigh;—
And ev'ry Smile become a Tear,
  Oft doom'd to wet thy deſpot Eye:
The Hour—the deſtin'd Hour impends,
  (Or Fancy our vain Hope beguiles,)
When Fortune, fickle to her Friends,
  Shall change the Objects of her Smiles;
When thou, fierce Victor! in thy Turn
  Beneath the Rod of Pow'er ſhal'ſt kneel,
And gall'd by captive Chains ſhal'ſt mourn
  Doom'd, what thoſe now inflict'ſt, to feel:
Thou ſhal'ſt not long thy Hands imbrue
  In Iſrael's Blood ſo often ſpilt;
God will not long ſo tamely view
  His Fanes defiled by heathen guilt.
Yet may we live to taſte the Joys
  That Liberty, that Peace imparts;

Yet may we praiſe—yet tune the Voice,
The Herald of our thankful Hearts;
Yet ſound our Lyres with ſweet Accord
To Gratitude and Iſrael's bounteous Lord!

WILL WISEACRE'S

ACCOUNT OF

GIBRALTAR.

DEC. 1799.

WHERE Calpe's Rock erects its Pile,
And ſeems a huge and barren Iſle,
Projecting from the Coaſts of Spain
As if it held them in Diſdain,
And nodding to his Brother Apes,[1]
Diſplays his rude, unwieldy Shapes,

(1) Mons Abila, or Apes Hill, in Barbary, which, with Mons Calpe, or Gibraltar, formed the celebrated Pillars of Hercules.

Stands famed Gibraltar!—known in Story!
Hiſpania's Shame, and Britain's Glory!
Here Rocks ſtupendous tow'r on high,
Almoſt impervious to the Eye,
Ambitious like another Babel
To ſcale the Heav'ns, were they able!
And Caves unfathomly deep,
Like Niobe inceſſant weep;
Nor thus like Niobe alone,
Like her they weep themſelves to Stone[a]!
Here Batt'ries, Baſtions, Bombs and Shells,
And Mines impregnable as Hell's;
Cannons that roar as loud as Thunder,
Of Art conſpire to form a Wonder!
Here Soldiers forced to conſtant Labor,
Regard the dazzling Coat and Sabre,

(a) In ſeveral parts of the Rock are ſtupendous Caves, through which Water conſtantly drops and is petrified.

Not

Not made for Pleaſure, Shew, or Beauty,
But Badges of continual Duty;
Nor ſtrut about with vain Parade
Proud of ſymbolical Cockade:
But cloſe immured they only plume
Themſelves on Pow'r they dare aſſume!
Here Britiſh Merchants only ken
With jealous Eye their Countrymen;
And in Reverſe alone are civil
To Jew, to Turk, to Moor—and Devil!
Here Jews unnumber'd cheat for Wealth,
And roll in Affluence and Filth!
Here bluſt'ring C—p—r, ſecond Moſes[3]!
Leads Iſrael's Children by their Noſes,
And with his incoherent Clamour
Knocks down their Uproar—and his Hammer!

(3) Alluding to the Method of ſelling Merchandize at Gibraltar, which is chiefly performed by an Auctioneer, whoſe loquacity has great preponderance with the Jews.

Woman,

Woman, that Luxury of Life,
Is ſeldom found—when found's—a Wife!
Or from her ſprightly Teens emerging
Blooms, flow'ret-like, an uncropt Virgin!
Convincing Proof that Virtue decks
The Rock Department of Fair Sex;
That Woman, when ſincere her View,
(How ſeldom falſe, when Man is true?)
Will ſtill remain in ev'ry Place
Of Nature's Ornaments the Grace!
Here, where the Rock looks o'er the Tide,
A numerous Clan of Apes abide [4],
And as they view the lower Sphere
Mimic much greater Monkies there!
Moſquitos ſuck your Blood—and worſe!
Expences here will ſuck—your Purſe!—

(4) The Rock abounds with a variety of Apes, and is the only place in Europe where they are diſcovered.

Here

Here ev'ry Sect, and ev'ry Sort
With various Hopes and Views reſort:
The Jew, the Gentile, Papiſt, Quaker,
The Accoucheur—the Undertaker,
Some rich—ſome poor—(like WILL WISEACRE!)
Hither in Shoals abundant flock,
And blend with Scorpion's of the Rock[5]!
In fine 'tis a commercial Hive,
Where—ſaving Pleaſure—all Things thrive!

(5) The Rock abounds with Scorpions, and the Natives have facetiouſly been diſtinguiſhed by their name.

AN

EPISTLE TO STELLA,

From GIBRALTAR,

Once intended as a Tribute — now publiſhed as a Reproach.

——— Heu quoties Fidem
Mutatoſque Deos flebit, & aſpera
Nigris æquora Ventis
Emirabitur inſolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur Credulus aureâ
Qui ſemper vacuam, ſemper amabilem
Sperat, neſcius Auræ
Fallacis! Miſeri quibus
Intentata nites! Hor.

THO' diſtant Scenes, where various Terrors rage
The abſent Moments of thy Swain engage;
Tho' far from Auburn's calm Retreats he rove
Deprived of ev'ry Bliſs that flows from Love;

Robb'd

Robb'd of each Solace ſocial Joys impart,
Thoſe warmeſt Feelings of the faithful Heart!
Still to thy Shades will unchain'd Fancy fly
O'er Stella's Cottage hov'ring in the Sky;
There penſive pauſe—and Reaſon's Pow'rs expand,
Till warm Affection into Flame is fann'd;
Till on the Mind ideal Pleaſures flow
And with their Stream o'erwhelm each real Woe:
Till to my Boſom deareſt Stella preſt,
Soothes ev'ry Paſſion of this ruffled Breaſt!

Luxuriant Fancy! may thy conſtant rays
With undiminiſh'd Luſtre ever blaze!—
When hov'ring Clouds of Woe the Breaſt deform,
Oh! may thy Preſence diſſipate the Storm;
And to the Heart that glows with Rapture, bring
With Pleaſure's Autumn—Hope's reviving Spring!

Thus

Thus ſhall Delight with unknown Tranſports team,
And Sorrow vaniſh at thy cheriſh'd Beam!

Nor will my Stella's Fancy idly ſleep,
But ſpread aërial Wings acroſs the Deep;
Then bend to ſouthern Climes her vent'rous Flight,
And on proud Calpe's tow'ring Brow alight;
Where Albion's Banners to the Breeze unfurl'd,
Claim peerleſs Homage from the ſubject World!
Thoſe Banners, which a Rooke, unaw'd by Fear,
Dared o'er Hiſpania's trampled Flag to rear!
Thoſe Banners, which immortal Elliott waved,
When War's impetuous Rage he dauntleſs braved!
Thoſe Banners, which throughout the varied Globe,
Aſtoniſh'd Nations fancy Freedom's Robe!
Hail! ſacred Enſigns of Britannia's Iſle!
On you untarniſh'd Glory ever ſmile!

Long

Long may ye grace the Britiſh Heroe's Hand,
Or furl'd by Peace—or elſe by Conqueſt fann'd!

But not to Themes like theſe the Muſe aſpires:
Tho' leſs ambitious—not leſs pure her Fires.
From Albion's Fame ſhe turns her dazzled Sight,
And flies to Love and thee with true Delight.
Benignant Stella!—if thy Pulſe ſtill beat
With pure Affection's unremitting Heat;
If yet thy abſent Florio's once-loved Name
Touch thy warm Heart, or vibrate thro' thy Frame;
(And ev'ry Dictate of ingenuous Youth
Proclaims ſuch Candour and unſullied Truth;)
How will thy Boſom throb with fond Alarms,
To view thy Swain amid the Din of Arms!
How will thy Nerves, unuſed to martial Toil
From Calpe's war-clad Brow appall'd recoil?

Where

Where Rocks on Rocks in rude Confuſion piled
By Nature's Hand, majeſtically wild,
Project indignant from the Coaſts of Spain,
And frown Defiance o'er the ſubject Main;
Whoſe broken Surges, with reſounding Roar,
Daſh their huge Billows on the rugged Shore,
And with the hollow Murmurs of the Waves
Load the deep Echos of ſtupendous Caves;
Thro' which in many a conſtant dripping rill
Unceaſing Waters into Stone diſtil,
And with their Damp the vital Current chill!
In theſe dread Caves the Mind aſtoniſh'd halts,
Forms fancied Fanes—diſcovers Gothic Vaults,
And in th' unfathomed Pile's prolific Womb,
Here views an Altar—there deſcries a Tomb!

Theſe are thy Works, ſtupendous Nature!—theſe
Thy careleſs Hands did model as they pleaſe!

But

But in the pregnant Rock,—around the Coaſts,
Laborious Art her nicer Chiſſel boaſts!
Here midway down the dread Abyſs expand
Extenſive Mines, hewn by the Artiſt's Hand;
Mines that impervious to the ſolar Beam
With artificial Thunder only team:
And deep entrench'd within the ſolid Rock
They hurl Deſtruction, and Reſiſtance mock!
There ev'ry warlike Bulwark lines the Beach,
That Caution can deviſe or Labor reach;
Whence to Europa's and to Afric's Shores
From War's dire Engines ſtern Bellona roars!

Such are the Scenes, to which malignant Fate
Has driv'n thy Florio from his happier State!
Such are the Scenes, for which from rural Eaſe
He raſhly wandered o'er Atlantic Seas!

Youth! how deluſive are thy fancied Schemes!
Thy proffer'd Joys evaporate in Dreams!
How oft thy Mind, by Hope's Illuſions buoy'd,
Foreſees Events—oh! ne'er to be enjoy'd!
How oft enjoying more than Mortal's Share
It flies from certain Bliſs to certain Care!

But ah! tho' ſever'd from the Joys of Love;
Tho' from thy Shades he thus advent'rous rove,
Still cheriſh'd Stella! to thy Florio's Breaſt
Thy fond Remembrance darts a Gleam of Reſt;
From ev'ry Feeling that inflames his Heart,
He augurs Bliſs, that Words cannot impart:
He glows with rapture, when Hope's genial Ray
Thro' preſent Clouds points out the azure Day,
When more endear'd by Abſence to thy Charms,
Again he flies enraptur'd to thy arms:
Ah! when again he hails his native Shore,
To leave his Country—and his Love—no more.

A SON-

A SONNET

On entering Falmouth Harbour after having captured a French Privateer, the Priſoners from which roſe and made us Captives, from which unfortunate Situation the Appearance of the DORIS FRIGATE, *and the Exertions of our* CREW, *liberated us.*

HAIL!—hallow'd Albion!—hail! dear native Iſle!
To thee the Bard with eager Tranſport flies
From Calpe's Rock;—and ſees bright Freedom's Smile
O'er Fortune's low'ring Frowns benignant riſe!
So late from Triumph's Car to Bondage hurl'd,
Thy Image only tantaliz'd his Mind!

His Eyes deſpondent ſaw the Sails unfurl'd
For hoſtile Gallia with propitious Wind;
But not for long could Gallia's Offspring boaſt
Their Laurels reap'd by Treach'ry's baneful Hand;
Neptune, ſtern Guardian of thy ſea-girt Coaſt,
Diſpatch'd a Nymph to ſave his fav'rite Band!
His Doris haſtened on her thund'ring Car,
And bleſs'd with Liberty each Britiſh Tar!

AN

EXTEMPORE SONNET,

ON HEARINC A BLIND MAN PLAY THE FIDDLE.

HEARD'ST thou the Note?—It was not void of
Art;
It touch'd each trembling Fibre of the Frame;
It harmonized the pity-melting Heart;
And to the Ear it whiſper'd Sorrow's Claim!
'Tis the poor Blind Man's Fiddle that along
The buſy Streets demands a trifling Arms;

Liſt!—to the Muſic, how his plaintive Tongue
Sighs heavily in ſad reſponſive Pſalms!
Ah! in the ſhatter'd Orb, where beam'd the Eye
Sits ſcowling Sorrow on her ghaſtly Throne;
And tho' Affliction's pearly Fount is dry,
Affliction's galling Pangs are not unknown!
Poor Vagrant!—unrelieved thou ſhalſt not go;
Thy Muſic warbles Sympathy for Woe!

THE

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

YOUNG Hodge, the Farmer, needs muſt take a
Wife,
A neceſſary Tool to ruſtic Life;
To take the Charge of all his Dairy
And carefully obſerve the Cows
Were cleanly ſtrapp'd by Milk-maid Mary,
And that ſhe neatly ſwept the Houſe;
Jobs, which too oft o'erlooked by Proxies,
Are managed beſt by Farmers' Doxies.

Hodge to the neighb'ring Tenant went:
Three Daughters had old Farmer Truſsband;
Each had two Hundred, 5 per Cent,
And each was ready for a Huſband.
Form what you pleaſe of theſe three Creatures,
Soft Grecian Graces or Scotch Witches:
Suffice to ſay—alike their Features,
And equally alike their Riches.
Hodge, like the fam'd Logician's Aſs,
Between too luſcious Stacks of Clover;
With anxious Eye ſurvey'd each Laſs
Over and over!
For each of them had ſet her Cap
And ſtrived ambitiouſly to get him
And oft would let him
By Turns be ſeated on her Lap.
Poor Hodge was fix'd in this Quandary
'Twixt Suſan, Elenor, and Mary:

Doubtful

Doubtful which of the three to chooſe on,
Or Mary, Elenor, or Suſan;
(So wav'ring was his am'rous Flame)
When lo!—the ruſtic Dinner came!
Bacon march'd firſt with wizzen'd Beans
And then a Diſh of o'ergrown Greens.
A Pudding, full of Plums ſtalk'd next on,
And then a Cheeſe—the Dinner's Sexton,
But Hodge eat not;—ſo was he puzzled,
That e'en his very Mouth was muzzled!
He ſearched with Care to find a Blemiſh
Or elſe ſome Beauty:
And fancied Molly rather ſqueamiſh
Beyond her Duty,
For leaving too much Cheeſe in paring
Which he deem'd flirty:
Nelly he cenſured for her Sparing
And thought her dirty,

Becauſe

Becauſe ſhe eat both Cheeſe and Rind
And left no trace of ought behind.
Suſan alone upon her platter
Scraped hers—juſt clean;
Obſerving in this trivial Matter
The Golden Mean.
From this ſmall Cauſe Hodge fixed for Life,
And took Suſannah for his Wife.
And Suſan Truſband
Took Hodge for Huſband.
Next day at Church the Pair were married,
And ſoon the Scheme ſpread far awide;
The Parſon hearing how 'twas carried,
Thus whiſper'd to the Groom and Bride:
" Now you are link'd, obſerve this Truth,
" (From Ovid what I now preſcribe, is,)
" 'Tis true in Age, as well as Youth,
" *In medio tutiſſimus ibis.*"

A TALE.

A COUNTRY 'Squire of rich Renown
A Youth of Spunk
Who oft got drunk;
A Bond-ſtreet Lounger too in Town,
Whoſe Pranks tho' ever reckon'd Jolly
Oft bordered on the Brink of Folly;
Once ſeiz'd a Whim,
(Or it ſeiz'd him,)
That not a Debt ſhould e'er be paid
Till Warrants legally were made.

The

The News half ſet the Village mad,
For ſome were pleas'd, and ſome were ſad.
For Joy the Lawyer clapped his Hand,
For Joy the Bailiff jump'd:
Each Creditor was at a ſtand,
And ſorely each was dump'd.
The Doctor ſhrunk when anſwered—" No, Sir;"
The Liquor Merchant loſt his Spirits,
The Cobler, Taylor, Butcher, Grocer,
All gaped and ſtared and grinned like Ferrits.
Oft had our Hero been arreſted
By Knights with legal Warrants veſted,
As oft he paid the Money,
And always funny
Jeſted and laugh'd—and laughed and jeſted!
The Village ſoon, tho' late ſo cruſty,
Became more truſty;

Bills

Bills being due—and Money wanted
The Writ was ſent—and it was granted!

One Morning in his early Rambles
To take a Survey of the Shambles,
(Which oft he did, and for this odd Uſe,
To praiſe his Tenant's fatten'd Produce!)
He loitered ſlowly at his Leiſure,
From ev'ry Joint deriving Pleaſure:
When lo! his Coat ſtrange Fancy took,
And clung abruptly to a Hook,
Which checked this Blood of Faſhion!
" *Zounds!*" he exclaims, altho' not vex'd,
" *At whoſe Suit now?*" and ſeem'd perplex'd,
Feigning to be in ſuch a Paſſion!
" Why"—Quoth Old Heavyſides, the Butcher,
(" Who juſt had troubled him for one Suit:)
" Good worthy Landlord, or I much err,
" Methinks 'tis this time at your—*own Suit!*

The

The Author takes the Liberty of closing and embellishing his Poetical Effusions with the subsequent Production of a Friend.

ELEGIAC LINES

ON THE DEATH OF

Mr. WAKE,

LATE OF WORKSOP MANOR.

Obiit 25th May, 1795.

SAY—why with solemn Pace and mournful Mien
Such Crowds attend upon that Funeral's Course?
Are they base Hirelings, who but Sorrow feign?
Or their Attendance does some Power enforce?

No;—they're the Throngs of Sympathy who join,
Whom voluntary Zeal has station'd there;
To pay just Tribute at the GOOD-MAN's Shrine,
And drop into his Grave the friendly Tear:

To

To do the Homage to Uprightneſs due,
And thus diſcharge what Gratitude demands;
A Debt alas!—but owing to a few,
Yet ſtill unſatisfied to ſome it ſtands!

'Tis WAKE, whoſe Relics to the Tomb are borne;
Whoſe Virtues, living, have ſecured, now dead,
Reſpectful rev'rence from that Groupe forlorn,
Who mourn their Friend and Benefactor fled:

He, who of Mortals moſt unerring, trod
The mazy Path of Life's uncertain Round;
Whoſe Pilot, Prudence;—and whoſe Refuge—GOD;
Has now at length his deſtined Harbour found!

He, who did all his wonted Skill employ
To aid—to reconcile—unite Mankind;
Who wiped the Drop from keen Affliction's Eye;
In whom the Poor a Friend ne'er fail'd to find!

But

But now no more his ſteady Counſels guide
That Circle large, his Abſence who lament;
No more he joins whom bick'ring Feuds divide,
Or draws the Mind from Diſcord to Content:

No more his Preſence in convivial Hour
Shall check wild Levity,—yet Joy diffuſe!
For 'twas within his ample Scope of Power
At once t' inform, to argue, and amuſe!

Ye neareſt Relatives reſtrain your Grief,
Who Huſband, Parent,—deareſt Friend inter!
Let ſweet Reflection bring its kind Relief;
Think what he was—and what he is—infer!

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

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